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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

WITH this number commences volume IV. of the *Art Journal*. Hitherto the December number has been the first of the volume, but it has been deemed best to make the March issue the initial number, thus to give subscribers even sets with the even year, viz.: March, June, September and December—the first to contain the announcement of the result of the premium award in which the subscriber's certificate was represented, and the last to contain the list of premiums for the new year, as well as the general prospectus. Volume III. therefore contained five numbers instead of four—for which we suppose our fifth year's subscribers were grateful. Hereafter there will be the four named—the title page and table of contents for the volume being given with the December issue, of each year.

— The year past has been one of satisfactory success, as will be seen by the Supplement Report. It certainly is gratifying to the editor of the *Journal* to know this, for he can labor with a more cheerful spirit than if the great letters' loss! haunted his very dreams. We hope to make the volume even more interesting than its predecessors, and trust long to continue our quarterly visitations to the firesides of our readers for the current year.

— April Fool! Does the reader like the soft impeachment? Doubtless not; and yet if he would be fooled by a pair of blue eyes, rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, we think he wouldn't object very persistently. A fair correspondent relates the case of "stubborn Jim" who wouldn't be fooled, not he! and yet was "taken in and done for" completely. Here is the story:

Jim sat whistling upon the style,
For a wonder, idle a little while;
Idle and listless as man could be
Under the blue starry sky sat he,
Vaguely conscious of cloudlets and breeze
And the crimson buds on the maple trees—
"Let her do as she pleases with others," said he,
"She shall make no April Fool of me!"

Proudly he lifted his handsome head,
While the blood in his cheeks burnt hot and red.
The feathery snow of yesterday
From the peeping grass had melted away;
The air and sunshine were warm and sweet,
A violet grew 'neath his dangling feet;
Some one was stealing close up to Jim—
She should make no April Fool of him!

Out of the forest and over the style
She came with that happy, bewitching smile;
Never stopping a word to say,
Nodding to him in a careless way;
Dainty and swift her footsteps pass,
Her light dress kissing the loving grass—
It is plain she thinks not meeting Jim,
Of making an April Fool of him.

Nodding and smiling she passes by,
Free as the fitting clouds of the sky—
But a naughty wind uprose just there
Fluttering her dress, tangling her hair.
Lifting her hat with a saucy grace
And blowing it straight into Jim's proud face,
Smothering him in crown and brim,
Making an April Fool of him.

Its fluttering ribbons thrilled him through,
Like the laugh in its owner's eyes of blue;
And before it dropped from its clinging place,
He kissed it as if it were her face,
Her charming face, through its golden hair,
Blushing and drooping before him there,
Warming his heart with a sudden glow,
But making an April Fool—oh no!

Oh, no!—though it thrilled him through and through

With the trembling touch of its ribbons blue,
And its owner waiting so still and demure
With a look, like a wild rose, fresh and pure.
Two pairs of cheeks grew strangely red
When the hat was restored to the pretty head.
Two pairs of eyes shown under the brim—
She had made an April Fool of him!

— A good story is told now and then by artists of their experience with "patrons," which word means every person who buys a picture. It sounds so fine to be called a *patron* of art! No matter if it is to take a picture at a starvation price; it is so condescending to buy a picture at all, and the artist ought to feel honored with the "patron's" shillings! These people sometimes happen to have slight knowledge of art—having more gold dollars than good taste. The artists, therefore, have some very good things which they tell to one another, but which they dare not whisper to outsiders for fear of losing a customer. We shall not hurt their *patronage* by repeating what has been told in confidence but there are some things which cannot injure "trade," and we, therefore, shall occasionally assume the responsibility of repeating them.

During one of the late exhibitions, a lady who was going to patronize some artist was overheard to pass severe judgment upon various pictures. Pausing before a superb deer piece by Tait, she remarked loudly, as if conscious of the annihilating nature of her strictures: "How stupid that artist is! to paint a deer with so short a tail! I should have taken this picture if the deer had a *fine flowing tail*!" The amiable artist hap-

pened to be present, and had to leave very suddenly for a room where it was in order to "roar." He is still seeking, we believe, for a deer with a flowing tail.

A lady on viewing Eastman Johnston's "Old Kentucky Home" remarked that, "for her part, she couldn't see why the artist should paint such a shabby old house when there were plenty of better ones for him to study; nor could she see why he should choose niggers for his subject when there were plenty of white children who would have looked a great deal better." That fastidious female was one of the active managers of a benevolent association, and, therefore, was authorized to speak out. What will she say when she comes to view the artist's new work—the Kitchen of Washington at the Mt. Vernon homestead? She, doubtless, will be filled with ineffable disgust that the painter should reproduce "niggers" when he could just as well as not have painted the Father of his Country.

A gentleman who operates considerably "on 'Change," and has witted himself into a snug fortune, lately visited the studios on Tenth street; going from room to room to know for how much he could buy four pictures, four by five feet each. The artists, unaccustomed to such ignorance as he betrayed, replied variously—fixing three, four, five, and six hundred dollars as the least sum for a good picture of that size. The customer—the "patron" he doubtless would be called—whistled his surprise at such figures. "Why," said he, "the whole paper on my walls didn't cost more than two hundred dollars, and he didn't think pictures were as attractive as the wall paper." And he retired in disgust at the assumption of artists.

It is a very frequent thing for portrait sitters to get angry with their likeness, because the artist has not made them good looking! A case is related of one of our best portrait painters having spent unusual labor upon a fussy maiden of fifty years, who smirked, smiled, rouged and dressed famously in order that the artist might do "the splendid thing." But his cool ardor was not to be betrayed into flattery, and he made her a perfect facsimile of her homely, hard-faced self. She was not allowed to view the work until its completion. Then her anger was extreme, and she left, declaring she would not only not take the picture, but would tell the wrong to all her friends, who

would therefore refuse to give the artist their "patronage."

The sequel was that the roguish man of colors went to work, painted off the fine false hair, leaving the head a bare pate—he removed the false teeth, giving the lips their natural inward inclination—he took the furbelows off the neck and bust, exposing the long, bony structure without mercy—the bony hands and shrivelled arms he gave their true texture and muscularity. Thus divested of her "false tackle," the name of the lady was appended at length on the panel of the frame, together with her residence; and thus labelled, was placed on prominent exhibition in the artist's much frequented rooms. The portrait was, in every respect, admirable—everybody recognized it who had any knowledge of the original; but what a face and form! The exhibition startled the lady into a sense of quickened apprehension, and she wrote to the artist ordering it to her residence. But it had grown in value by the exhibition, and *improvements* he had made upon the canvas; and he now asked twice the original price for the work! As the lady's reputation for good looks was worth more than gold, a check for the full amount demanded was remitted, and the artist passed the portrait over to the circumvented original. Verdict of the community was—served her right!

A case is mentioned of a visitor at the Dusseldorf Gallery, where several fine pieces of statuary are now on exhibition. After attentively examining the "Dead Pearl Diver" of Paul Akers, he asked an attendant "why they didn't stand that thing up on its feet and not have it lying there?"

Such are some of the many stories which we occasionally hear in art-circles. They go to show that art has its humorous as well as its serious face and experiences.

— A correspondent from Potosi remits us several sayings of the little folks, of which we may quote:

"My little Juma leaving her play, and laying her head in her mother's lap, asked: 'Ma, if I am a good girl, will God give me the stars to play with when I die and go to Heaven?'"

"Sitting in the door one day she noticed a neighboring woman fondling a little dog, whereupon she soliloquized as follows: 'I wish I was a dog—that Dutch woman's dog—she's so kind to it. I always wanted to be a dog; but I suppose when the Lord

got my head made he found it was a baby's and so he kept right on!'"

"My neighbor, Mr. —, is by birth a German, but came to this country in his youth. He has a family of interesting children. One of them, a little fellow of seven years, committed some act for which his father boxed his ears. He went, pouting, into another room. A sister asked him 'what was the matter?' He said his father had boxed his ears. 'Well, you deserved it, I suppose?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I did, but I don't like to be boxed by a foreigner!'"

These sayings are pretty good. As a general thing the parents' fondness overestimates their children's wisdom, or cunning, and a great many platitudes are repeated.

— A young lady of our acquaintance has, evidently, been distressed by the persecution of the beaux—a class of men who generally add much egotism to their courtesies—much old grannyism to their wisdom. Our friend has resolved to rid herself of them, and sends us this communication—

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE BEAUX.

How hard it is to please the beaux:
They are, indeed, the queerest set;
If I but smile and kiss my hand,
They say I am a vain coquette;

And if I gaily laugh and talk,
Each moment thro' the livelong day,
Oh! what a chatter-box she is,
The wretches all are sure to say.

If I am grave and dignified,
Without a word but yes and no,
"Oh what a stupid girl," is cried
Throughout the town by every beau.

And if I sigh and roll my eyes,
Or nod and dip and toss my head,
"A poor, affected, silly thing,"
Exclaim that spiteful Tom and Ned.

Alas! alas! what shall I do
To keep them all from talking so?
To know, I'd give my heart and hand
To any handsome, clever beau.

— One of the Connecticut "blue-laws" is as follows:

"No man shall be allowed to kiss his wife on Sabbath or fasting day, under a penalty of three pistareens for the first offence, four and sixpence for the second, nine shillings for the third, and if he persists, shall be put in the stocks."

There has been some progress in public sentiment since those days. Now it is considered good cause for divorce if a man don't kiss his wife. We know of one or two men, at least, who would have been in the stocks all the time had they lived

under the blue reign. MEM. They privately assure us the kissing is to "stop the mouths" of their wives, and prevent their asking for shoes and things.

— A subscriber in Minnesota sends us the following, "assuming the responsibility" of its consequences: "A Methodist minister was tramping through the settlements, doing good where he might. He tarried for the night at one of the "pioneer's" cabins. The old 'oman, while preparing supper, entered into conversation with her visitor, and the following colloquy took place:

'Stranger, where might you be from?'
'Madam, I reside in Shelby county, Kentucky.'

'Wall, stranger, hope no offence, but what mought you be doin' way up here?'

'Madam, I am searching for the lost sheep of the house of Israel.'

'John, John!' shouted the old lady, 'come right here this minit; here's a stranger all the way from Shelby county, Kentucky, a huntin' stock, and I'll just bet my life that that tangle-haired old ram, that's been in our lot for the last week, is one of his'n!'"

— We are frequently asked our opinion of works of art, and sometimes find it very difficult to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Very often we are tempted to escape by ejaculating a portion of the Litany. Sometimes we muster up courage to tell the following dialogue, which we have learned to repeat with emphasis:

"Look here, ma!" said a young lady, just commencing to take lessons in painting, "see my painting; can you tell me what it is?"

Ma, after looking at it some time, answered, "Well, it is either a cow or a rosebud—I am sure I can't tell which."

— As an antidote to the "overwhelming flood of eloquence" which flowed in upon us from the Vermont "Orator of the Feelings" we have this modest effort of a candidate for the attorneyship of one of the western counties of Arkansas:

"Shall Arkansas somnambulate in dreamy indifference her fertile soil, her flowing rivers, her diversified minerals, beckoning onward, and crying out in mute munificence, progress and advancement; while above and beneath her the roar of mighty nature, struggling in the potency of her omnipotency, bids onward, and around her everywhere the noise of the hammer of enlightened advancement

trumpets the onward and upward march of the world? Echo, of course, cannot but answer, No?"

That fellow must have been taking some lessons in "high art." He would make an admirable associate and correspondent for some of the "art-critics" who are favored attendants upon artists' "receptions."

— The above specimen of eloquence is good as far as it goes. But it don't come the warlike. A little French editor, in a certain American city, gets mad because the Yankees don't think very much of French despotism, and "drives away" at us in this gracious strain:

"Get behind us, little ones! What do you pretend to, with your mockery, with those assumed airs? Do you wish France to sink in your waters your twelve regiments and your twelve ships? Overgrown children, be silent! From the equator to the poles people shrug their shoulders at your presumption. God has refused you the knowledge of fighting. You can drive a bargain, but you cannot conquer!"

We will wager a case of Radway's Ready Relief that that Frenchman would run from his washerwoman, and that a Yankee sheriff would give him the delirium tremens.

— We are in receipt of much matter which it is impossible to use, owing to various reasons, unnecessary to explain. We may now say *long poems* are not desirable, no matter what their excellence maybe; and, as for *pay* for any poetic contributions, don't think of it! No poet commands pay, except those *rare* men who won't write without it. Stories may be very good, yet not adapted to our pages. We must publish nothing "continued," and, therefore, almost uniformly return all MS. (where stamps are remitted for such return) without even reading it. It is asking a great favor of an editor to solicit his time and attention for several hours in the perusal of a MS. which he cannot possibly use. We *cannot* find time to "read and pronounce judgment" upon MS. which may be sent in simply for that judgment; we have neither the inclination nor the patience for such school-master's services. Essays upon art *cannot* be written by persons whose knowledge of the subject must be limited—the opinion of some of our correspondents to the contrary, notwithstanding. We have frequent offers of essays on the life and works of Michael Angelo, Rubens, West,

Allston, &c., by parties who not only never saw an original work by those masters, but, in all probability, could not tell the difference between a picture by Michael Angelo and a photograph. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" and we have learned, from a considerable experience, that that class of men are not on the decrease. We are *always* glad to secure *good* matter, be it poetry, story, or essay; if adapted to our pages, we use it if we can. But contributions from pens which are not skilled in writing for the press, are, as a general thing, not only not desirable but are a bore to be bothered with, and we would be spared their visitation. We speak plainly, but believe we utter the sentiments of the editorial fraternity generally, as well as our own in particular.

— We find crowded out of our "Art Gossip" the following paragraphs, which we are unwilling to pass over to the "dead" matter, and therefore give them place here:

Col. Jno. R. Johnson, of Baltimore, has been commissioned for a number of paintings of scenery along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The artist has made good studies of his subjects, and, doubtless, will give us some charming reproductions.

G. H. Durric, of New-Haven, has wrought at his easel with real success during the past year. His winter scenes especially, are admirable, and should serve to give the artist a book-full of orders.

Knapp has removed, we believe, from Cleveland, Ohio, to this city, for a permanent location. He paints with much acceptance to numerous patrons, and promises to become a favorite in summer landscapes.

— We have, from the pen of Mr. T. B. Aldrich, the following charming poem, which he calls

CASTLES.

Time, that blunts the edge of things,
Dries our tears and spoils our bliss;
Time has brought such balm to me,
I can bear to speak of this.

She was seven and I was nine—
Pretty people we to plan
Life, and lay it grandly out—
She the Woman, I the Man!

Sang the river on the shoals,
Sang the robin on the tree:
Earth was newly made for us—
Later Eve and Adam we.

Lightly fell the apple-bloom,
Paved the road with red and white;
Sunshine floated through the day,
Silvery atoms through the night.

Seven years have come and gone;
Drop the curtain, change the scene!
Life, when one is nine years old,
Does not say the thing it means.

Other arms have clasped my Eve.
Other lips have called her fair—
Ah! but little wind blows down
Spring-time castles in the air!

From this window I can see
Up the road to Meadow Farm—
That is she upon the porch
With the baby on her arm!

— Several contributions are on hand awaiting orders of authors. They were received with the request to return if not used, yet no stamps were enclosed for such return. When will writers for the press learn that it is enough to bother an editor to read rejected MS. without also asking him to pay for its enclosure?

— A correspondent writes, suggesting that we give, in every number, a steel plate illustration of American scenery. We should be most glad to do so, were it not for the heavy cost of such an addition to our already expensive journal. It is not in the power of money to give more for the price paid us than is already bestowed upon subscribers. So much never before was given, by *one hundred per cent.* and it is not possible to add materially to the expenses to be incurred in keeping our *Art Journal* up to its present high standard. Some subscribers express dissatisfaction that the *Journal* is not a monthly. They would not, probably, think of paying us six dollars a year for it—yet that is just about what it would cost. The "*London Art Journal*" is *seventy-five cents per number*, or *NINE DOLLARS PER ANNUM*, with nothing but the *Journal*—no large engravings, no annual premium awards. When our patrons are willing to pay the mere first cost of producing such a *Journal* as this is, monthly, we stand ready to give it.

— Hawthorne, in his new romance, "The Marble Faun," pays a neat tribute to the "Dead Pearl Diver" of Paul Akers, now on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery, of this city. It is a compliment from a high source, worthily bestowed. The statue commands no little attention, and ought to find a liberal purchaser.

— Our usual department, "Masters of Art and Literature," is omitted, owing to disappointment in procuring proper data of the subjects whose portraits were prepared. We hope to keep up this valuable department, and shall try not to omit it again.